

The Draugur

by Red-Eyed Ryuu

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Summary: "Look, guy," Danny began, meeting War Paint's eyes, "as fun as it is to play Viking with you and your merry group of hairy men, I've kinda got places to be, people to seeâ€"you know how it is."

1. Chapter 1

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><p>The Draugur: Chapter 1

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><p>"It's nice to finally catch a break," Danny groaned out as he flew through the darkening sky. He was a bit unsteady on his metaphorical wings but it was to be expected, having just narrowly escaped a rather nasty encounter with Spectra and her annoying henchman, Bertrand.

As much as Danny hated to admit it, Spectra was one of the ghosts he dreaded confronting the most. Not only was she a pain in the ass in a physical fight but she always, always, managed to know just what to say to get under his skin in the worst possible wayâ€"making him question himselfâ€"if what he was doing was even worth it, if he was actually doing any good. That wasn't even factoring in Bertrand, that annoying side-kick or whatever he was to her, who would always add in some stupid jab to worsen the blow to his psyche.

One of the two was tough enough, but fighting both alone?

Danny shook his head. It was not his idea of a fun time by any means. He wasn't even sure what had started the altercation. Maybe

simply existing had triggered the whole thing. One minute Danny's enjoying a leisurely flight through the Ghost Zone, having just finished a particularly rigorous sparring session with Frostbite and the other residents of the Far Frozen, and the next, he's suddenly engaged in a tooth and nail battle against one of his toughest enemies.

There was no questioning the fact that Danny had been in no shape to face someone of Spectra's caliber and come out in any other shape than a bloody, messy pile of ectoplasm and gore. Some might chastise him for running, for not putting up more of a fight, but Danny was simply way too tired.

So, only exchanging blows as necessary to defend himself and to stall the two, Danny had taken to the nearest floating purple door, hoping to seek refuge in another ghost's lair just long enough to regroup to catch his breath. He had had his fingers crossed, holding out hope that the owner of the lair wouldn't attack him for the intrusion.

And that's where Danny now found himself flying through the sky at his own pace.

With a sigh of relief, Danny felt the tension in his body ease a little. It seemed as if his luck was holding out for once. What an incredibly rare, miraculous occurrence.

The tired teen wasn't sure how long he had been hiding out in the place, flying along the surface of an incredibly large, dark ocean but he was surprised (and honestly a bit relieved) that he had yet to come across the owner of the lair. It had to have been around five, maybe ten minutes tops.

'Whatever,' he thought, he wasn't going to look a gift horse in the mouth. Not when he so sorely needed the respite.

Letting out another heavy sigh of relief, Danny was suddenly overcome by a heavy wave of exhaustion, his adrenalin rush no doubt fully subsiding.

Biting back a yawn, Danny took a moment to scour the land below. Ocean was still the predominate aspect, but as he squinted and strained his eyes, he spotted a dark spot a bit further ahead; an island coming into view. Danny quickly set his course and in no time was setting his booted feet upon the craggy surface.

"Typical Ghost Zone décor," Danny mused with a dry chuckle.

The landscape that spread before him was rather bleak and dreary, barely any vegetation aside from some pathetic, wiry shrubs and tall, dark trees barren of and sort of foliage. He had the passing thought that they rather reminded him of the trees once scattered across Aragon's kingdom, before Dora had taken over. Stone and ocean seemed to make up the vast majority of this particular lair not the most cheerful of looking places, but hey, it could be worse, right?

As Danny spent the next few minutes wondering the island, the thought that this particular lair might be vacant was beginning to creep into his mind. That is, until gruff yells and heavy footfalls met his ears.

He should have known it was only a matter of time before his luck turned sourâ€¦|

"Intruder!" someone yelled seconds before Danny found himself flattened beneath a heavy rope net.

"What the-" Danny started, caught off guard. So much for the place being abandoned.

Faster than Danny thought possible, a large group of very muscled, hairy, and armored men had him surrounded. He thought they kind of looked like Vikings, actuallyâ€"really hairy, angry looking Vikings. He also found it rather interesting how very _human_ they all still looked.

Danny gulped, a bit unsettled by this turn of events. Tired and drained as he was, the teen decided he'd play along with this scenario for a bit, rather than risk expending himself any further by jumping headlong into another fight. With an uneasy frown, eyes darting left and right, Danny slowly raised his arms along the side of his head in surrender.

A couple men quickly grabbed him by the arms and hefted the scrawny, submissive teen to his feet, roughly tearing the netting away and painfully twisting Danny's arms behind his back.

"Well, well, well," someone cooed, causing Danny to pause in his glaring at the men handling him. The teen averted his gaze to survey the people surrounding him, his sights eventually settling on a young man making his way through the mass of bodies. The guy looked no older than Danny, with a build similar to Dash's (he even had that 'holier-than-thou' expression to match the jock's).

'_Not _another_ one of those jerks_,' Danny groaned at the thought.

The restrained teen noted that this guy was also decked out in Viking-esque armor with a deadly looking, double-sided axe in one hand, weird blue paint (war paint?) on his face and a helmet that seemed to be adorned with impala (?) horns. He, too, had an incredibly human (not to mention arrogant) appearance. How curiousâ€¦|

'_This is really weird,_' Danny thought to himself, an unease beginning to swell in the pit of his gut.

"And who might you be?" War Paint sneered, his tone belying his interest in actually receiving an answer.

Danny scrunched up his face, and if not for the men holding him, would have taken a few steps back at the invasion of his personal space.

"Wow_,_" Danny started, "ever heard of mouthwash â€¦|or a _shower_, for that matter?_' The teen did his best to contain a shudder at the offending stench radiating from his captors.

War Paint scowled at Danny, his eyes narrowing into a glare, his lips tight. He mouthed what Danny thought looked suspiciously like

'mouthwash' before turning to a man at his side and saying, "He doesn't look like one of Hiccup's goody-good friendsâ€|" then turned away. Danny found himself thinking War Paint almost lookedâ€| disappointed?

"Sir!" A man a bit further off called as he fumbled his way towards the group. "We haven't found any sign of dragons or boats nearby." He reported.

Danny frowned, his brows creasing. Boat? Why would he need a boat? And what was that about dragons? Curiouserâ€|

"What would I need a boat for?" Danny questioned, electing to voice his confusion.

War Paint rounded on Danny, the eye of his axe pressing against the teen's chin. "Don't play koi with me!" he roared, his face nearly touching Danny's (oh great, there's that horrendous stench againâ€|). "You're working with Hiccup, aren't you?" he demanded with a scowl, a strange glint in his eyes.

'_Ookay,_' Danny thought as the guy slowly pulled away, still scowling. '_It doesn't take a rocket scientist to tell this guy's off his rockerâ€|_'

Danny snortedâ€|"he couldn't help it.

"Hiccup?" he chuckled, unable to subdue his laughter. "That is not seriously someone's name, is it?" He moved to wipe a tear from his eye, only to be reminded that he was still being restrained. Danny simply shrugged it off as he continued, "Oh man, who seriously names their kid that?"

War Paint's face twisted in confusion, as if he was unsure how to interpret Danny's behavior and sudden outburst. Why wasn't this kid cowering in fear? Why was he LAUGHING instead of crying for mercy, for his life?

"Oh man," Danny went on as he shifted his footing and rolled his shoulders. "What a weird lairâ€|"with even weirder inhabitants!" He chuckled.

"What're you-" War Paint started before Danny interjected.

"Look, guy," Danny began, meeting War Paint's eyes, "as fun as it is to play Viking with you and your merry group of hairy men, I've kinda got places to be, people to seeâ€|"you know how it is." And in the blink of an eye, Danny was in motion.

He twisted and mercilessly brought a knee to the gut of the man holding his right arm, putting enough force into the motion to cause the man to buckle in pain, releasing Danny's arm as he crumpled to the ground. Taking advantage of his free hand, Danny pulled the remaining man on his left towards him as he shifted, mirroring the action with another swift kick to the guy's vulnerable gut. As the second body fell to the ground, Danny quickly leapt into the air, his fists igniting in acidic, flaming green ectoplasm.

Running on fumes or not, Danny wasn't about to go down without a fight. Besides, he could only handle playing along for so long. There

was only so much his pride could handle.

The ghostly teen had expected a quick and merciless retaliation-bodies and weapons flying at him from every direction-but what he got was something else entirely. Instead of any of that, all he received were countless frightened stares and panicked muttering. It was as if these men had never seen an ignited ball of ectoplasm before.

'_Weirdâ€|_' Danny frowned, '_what kind of ghosts aren't familiar with ectoplasm?_'

"What is it?!" Danny heard someone whisper, the voice awestruck and laden with fear.

"Did you see how its hands suddenly erupted into flames? Just like a Monstrous Nightmare!"

What the heck was a 'monstrous nightmare'?

"Look! It's floating in the air!" Another man cried.

"A demon!" Yet another cried, adding to the hysterics.

"It's a spirit! An angry spirit!"

Danny's frown deepened. Why were they acting so surprised? Weren't they also ghosts?

"_Hel_-_blÃ;r_" Someone yelled in a language completely foreign to Danny. And as if that word were a trigger, sheer chaos quickly erupted.

Men scrambled and ran about, screaming in terror and spouting words Danny had no hope of understanding. All the teen could think to do was gawk; just what the heck kind of wacked-out lair was this? Unlessâ€|

'_No!_' Danny thought as he fiercely shook his head to clear the thought from his mind. There was no way he was going to jump to that conclusion. Not yet. Not without proof.

"I just have to find the doorâ€|" he muttered to himself in a feeble attempt to reassure himself. He took to the sky, completely toning out the chaos left in his wake. It's not like he even had to worry about dodging attacks, as the Vikings appeared to be busy stumbling over one another in a frantic attempt to get as far from Danny as they could.

Danny concluded he just needed to find the door he had entered this lair through. Spectra wouldn't hang around waiting for him _this long_, even if she had seen him escape through that door, so he'd be home free. He'd find the door, go through it, fly home and never have to worry about this weird lair where its residents didn't even know they were dead.

Yeah. That's it. That's exactly what he'd doâ€"that's exactly what would happen. Everything would work out perfectly.

"Get out of this lair and get home," he told himself. "Everything'll

be fine." Danny was sure of it.

* * *

><p>As the ghostly teen flew off in the direction he had come, the men he left in his wake slowly began to recollect themselves.<p>

Dagur, or War Pain, as Danny had referred to him, stood firm amongst his otherwise terrified men. He was watching the creatureâ€"for it certainly was not human despite its appearanceâ€"as it flew off.

Dagur had no idea what this 'door' the creature had been talking about was, nor did he honestly care. What did interest him was the power it undoubtedly possessedâ€"the way it fearlessly faced him and his men as if it had the confidence, the certainty, that it would be able to handle them all with no contest.

A shudder wracked through his body; a cold chill passing through every muscle. Oh, the creature surely terrified him, there was no question there, and though he may be "deranged", he was not stupid. More than fearful, Dagur found an odd sense of excitement budding within him. Imagine if he could harness that kind of powerâ€"make it his. Not even Hiccup and his Night Furry would be able to stand against him!

If only he could figure out a way to control that creature, that Draugur, he'd have the world at his fingertips!

* * *

><p>"Where is it? Where is it!?"

Danny wasn't sure how long he had been flying since departing that Viking infested island, but it was apparently long enough for the sky to transition from night to dayâ€"another unsettling detail that something wasn't quite right with this lair.

As far as Danny knew, the Ghost Zone, nor any of the lairs he had ever been to, ever cycled between night and day. They were always stagnant, perpetually stuck to reflect the world as its creator was most comfortable with.

As time continued to draw on, Danny's doubts only grew. It didn't help that he'd found no trace of the door he had entered, either. He had been flying well past the distance he remembered having taken to get to that island, with nothing but ocean and scattered bits of rock jutting out from its surface as far as he could see.

That horrible lump of dread was beginning to weigh down heavier in the pit of his gut. He didn't like where all these clues were leading him.

He bit at his lower lip, focusing on the pain to distract his frantic mind. Oh why, why, why did the universe hate him so much? Nothing could ever go his way, could it? Find a way out of a nasty fight, only to get lost in ti-

"NOPE." Danny yelled at himself, interrupting the thought. "That is

not what happened. That is _not_ what's going on. I probably justâ€| missed the door, is allâ€|" He closed his eyes in an attempt to visualize the area he had emerged fromâ€| and frowned. All he could come up with was water, the sky, and angry, hairy Vikings with bad make-up and a lack in personal hygiene.

"ARGH!" he exclaimed. "This is so _stupid_" he growled out, thumping the side of his head with a fist. "This is so stupid! And annoying! And I'm just. So. Tired..."

All too quickly Danny became aware of the fact that his eyes were still closed, that at some point during his ranting he'd managed to let go of his ghostly half, and that he was without a doubt plummeting from the sky. And while a more rational part of his brain told him he should probably be panicking right about now, that he should probably open his eyes and go ghost or prepare for impact, another part of him simplyâ€| didn't care, too tired and exhausted and _done_ because wouldn't it be nice to just let go for a bit and take a nice, long nap?

* * *

><p>Danny was out like a light well before his body collided with the ocean, skidding and skipping along the surface a good few hundred feet before finally coming to rest a good distance from the initial impact area. His body, bruised and battered from the less than ideal landing, bobbed with the gentle lull of the ocean's waves, and before the ocean could lay claim to the unconscious teen, strong arms reached forward and hefted the boy aboard a small, wooden ship.<p>

* * *

><p>AN:** I don't even remember how long I've been working on this crossover. I've probably been thinking about it since December, but didn't start plotting it out on paper until around March? Yeah, that's definitely when I started writing up outlines and started drawing some things... I had hoped to have this first chapter out by early July but, well... a lot of things've been going on lately that ended up pushing back the release. Sorry about that!;; I'm glad to finally push this one out though, as it's something I've really been wanting to do for a while now (you should see all the notes and drabbles I have written for this in my notebook). Unfortunately, there's no guaranteed update schedule because I'm really bad with schedules but my aim is to have something out at least each month or perhaps bi-monthly, inspiration willing. Hopefully things aren't too wonky with this chapter, but if you have any questions or suggestions, feel free to let me know in a review!_

2. Chapter 2

The Draugur: Chapter 2

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><p>Trader Johann had seen and experienced many strange things in his life, it came with the occupation, he would always rationalize. Like that time he had wrestled with a giant squid, or the time his ship had been spirited away from him by a fog monster. But for all the

experiences and possibly questionable tales he had under his belt, Johann had to admit this probably topped everything.<p>

On a day where the early morning sky held not a single cloud and the ocean was as calm as could be with nary a sign of life as far as his eyes could see, the least the rugged traveler expected was for a brilliant flash to illuminate the sky. Even less anticipated was the sound of something crashing against the ocean's surface, over and over again, drawing nearer with each impact. When he was met with a cold spray of sea water, enough to lightly drench the fabric of his clothing and coat his exposed face, he knew he couldn't ignore the strange phenomenon.

When he bolted to the edge of his ship and peered over, he was met with the sight of a strangely dressed kid, bobbing amongst the surf, unconscious and looking as if he had just had a rather nasty encounter with the wrong end of a Deadly Nadder.

Johann had spent a moment in a befuddled stupor, his eyes searching the horizon for tell-tale signs of a ship wreck. When he was met with no such evidence, his gaze turned skyward in search of scaled, leathery wings. Once more met with nothing, his confusion growing tenfold and his brows knitting together to reflect as such, he scrambled to pull the body aboardâ€”no easy feat to accomplish by one's self, but he managed, somehow.

The seasoned merchant found himself asking a hundred unvoiced questions. Where had the lad come from? What was that strange light? Had that crashing been this boy? If so, how had he survived? The lad might have looked half dead, but the slow rise and fall of his chest, those shallow breaths, were proof enough of his stake amongst the living.

Johann realized his queries were quickly becoming circular. As fired up as he was for answers he realized there would be none to receive, not while the kid was unconscious. Johann took a moment to marvel at the sheer fact the lad was still alive at all, assuming he had indeed been the source of those impacts (how in all the Gods' names had the boy managed such a feat? He could only hoped he'd be have answers soon) before taking action.

Things then went quicklyâ€”so much so that Johann had to admit it all sort of blurred together at some point.

The seafaring merchant had rushed to maneuver the kid below deck, to toss as many furs and blankets as he could atop the boy to warm him up, for he was as cold as ice to the touch, before he went about setting his course to Berk, the nearest land mass he knew would be ableâ€”and most likely willingâ€”to provide medical attention and shelter to his injured passenger. Perhaps once all was tended to and the lad awokeâ€”assuming he ever didâ€”Johann would have his answers.

As he returned above deck he found himself pondering that strange, ethereal light that had illuminated the sky brighter than anything he had ever witnessed in his long, seafaring life. Johann wondered if he'd ever know what that was, if he'd ever see it again, and most prominently, what did any of it have to do with the boy below deck?

* * *

><p>"Hoo!"<p>

"Johann! It's trader Johann!"

"He's here!"

The mid-day air was alive with excited cries and rushed, heavy footfalls against aged, wooden and sea battered planks as dozens of people rushed to their destination.

The welcoming Johann received at Berk was always the warmest, he honestly believed. Sure, people across many lands would grow excited and jubilant upon his arrival at their docks, but he never felt as at welcomed as he did upon the shores of this small Viking village. Though the seas were where he felt most comfortable, Johann often found himself feeling safest amongst this particular Viking clan. Its people, despite their warrior ways and rough, rugged exterior, were always very welcoming and incredibly kindâ€"this being especially true for a handful of the island's most reputable residents.

"Berk, my favorite place, with the best customers in all the known lands!" he barked with a jovial laugh. "Calm yourselves a moment, won't you?" he went on to announce as he steered the crowd aboard his ship. "I've got plenty of marvelous wares to go 'round!" Johann proclaimed as he ushered a particularly rotund and hairy man towards a barrel full of various weapons. "How about a blade that would fell the mightiest of foes in a single swing?"

Collective "ooo's" escaped the mouths of those crowding the deck.

Smiling broadly at the expected response, Johann then ushered his audiences' attention to a trunk, popping it open with a good, square kick to the side. "If you're perhaps in the mood for life's moreâ€| delicate bounty, why not feast your eyes upon the finest foreign trinkets and bobbles I have to offer? The perfect gift for the missus!" He clapped the nearest man on the back before yelling out to the gathered crowd, "Well? Have at it, Hooligans!" And with that, the excitement grew with fervor, bodies and arms moving this way and that, all in search of that perfect _thing_.

Johann chuckled as he moved closer to the dock, his eyes landing upon just who he needed.

"Gobber!" he cried as he ushered the man aboard with a wave of his hand, "As fine as ever, I see."

The merchant spoke to a very large man whose intimidating appearance was only emphasized by the short hook upon his left arm, the wooden stump of a right leg, and his notable girth. Intimidating as all these were, the light, cheery expression the man wore upon his mustached face was a tell to his true character. For he was one of the kindestâ€"if not one of the more eccentricâ€"Vikings Johann had the pleasure of doing business with.

"Listen," Johann continued without giving the large man time to respond, essentially cutting Gobber off right as his lips parted, "I have a bit of a situation I was hopin' the kind people of Berk would

be willing to help me with."

At this, Gobber's brows furrowed and he cupped his chin in thought.

"Oh?" Gobber prodded. Johann rarely ever asked for help, so this was something that immediately caught his attention. His jaw set, the Viking leaned closer to the man, ready to ask just what kind of situation would push the seafaring man to seek Viking assistance, when another voice spoke up.

"What kind of situation? It's not Dagur again, is it?"

Gobber awkwardly shifted out of the way as a smaller, thinner figure pushed past him, hastily boarding the ship. "Good to see you too, Hiccup." Gobber grunted out with something of a shrug and a huff.

"Hiccup!" Johann exclaimed at the appearance of the teenager, "even better!" At that remark, Gobber rolled his eyes as he shifted his weight from left to right then back again.

"Alright, alright." The large Viking interrupted with a wave of his hooked hand, "I can tell I'm not needed here. If the two of you need me, you know where to find me."

He meant it as a teasing, joking remark, emphasized by his light, cheery tone of voice. The apologetic grin Hiccup gave him assured the man that the teen understood. Gobber then proceeded to make his way to a barrel full of intimidating looking axes and maces, though being sure to keep within earshot of the two.

"Strangest thing, I tell you," Johann began as he ushered Hiccup to follow him, passed the over-eager customers still scurrying about the deck. "I'm sailing along, sky and sea clear and calm as could be," Johann started up again as he led the way below deck, Hiccup nodding in acknowledgement with Gobber slowly trailing after the two. "-when all of a sudden the sky flashes a brilliant, blinding white and no sooner do I blink and it's all over" the sound of something crashing into the water meeting his ears not a second later."

As they descended a short set of stairs Hiccup shot Gobber a questioning look, only half listening to whatever it was Johann was going on about. The teen was hoping the older Viking might have an idea of what this was all about but when Gobber gave a shrug and an equally perplexed look in return, the teen let loose a sigh, his head hanging.

"Here we go again!" Hiccup muttered under his breath, far too accustomed to Johann's tall tales. Here he was worrying it was going to be something serious.

Focusing his attention back to the seafaring man, Hiccup wasn't surprised that Johann was still spouting his tale, completely unaware of Hiccup's comment. The man had something of a one-track mind when it came to recounting his tales.

"I pull my ship up" to get a better look "and there I see it." Johann continued, "This strange looking lad, just bobbin' in the water. Now, fearing for the worst, I pull the boy aboard and to my

surprise, he's still alive. Cold as death but still breathing."

At this point the trio had come to a stop before a heap of skins and rugs.

"The poor lad's been out like a light ever since." Johann finished with a sweeping motion to the pile.

"Ahâ€¦ I hate to break it to you, but all I see's a pile of old yak skins." Gobber responded as he brought the tip of his hooked arm to the side of his temple and scratched at it, clearly befuddled.

"Yes, exactly, a pile of old yak skins," Johann parroted with a smug nod before quickly doing a double take. He shook his head and sputtered. "What? No!" he protested, "What's UNDER the pile, you doof!"

As the two proceeded to exchanged "pleasantries", Hiccup, who had ventured closer to the pile, took in a quick breath.

A boy who looked no older than himself was buried beneath the skins. His head crowned with hair as dark as pitch (and for a brief moment, Hiccup found himself reminded of Heather before he quickly shook the thought from his mind) and his skin seemed rather pale, though his lips held colorâ€"a good indication that the boy hadn't succumbed to the coldâ€¦ or worse.

"Shipwreck?" Gobber asked from just behind Hiccup, his hook now caressing the edges of his mustache as he maneuvered to get a good look at the unconscious boy.

Hiccup shot the man a glare; he hadn't noticed Gobber come up behind him, too enthralled in his observations. Not that he would admit it, but the sudden close proximity and question had startled him.

"Nay, there was no wreckage in sight." Johann replied as he moved to grab something nearby. "Have a look at these," he prompted, handing a bundle of slightly damp fabric to the Vikings. "He was wearing these. Strange, aren't they? Never seen anythin' like 'em in all my travels."

Hiccup had grabbed the first article of offered clothingâ€"what was clearly a shirt, white with red accents along the collar and sleeves, as well a red oval pattern centered in the middle. The shirt itself wasn't odd, but the stitching and feel were unfamiliar. As he handed the shirt back and proceeded to inspect the pants, he found them to be even stranger.

"What're they made of?" he questioned aloud, brows furrowed, not necessarily addressing the query to anyone.

"Haven't the foggiest," Johann replied with a shrug. "You'd be better off askin' the kid, assuming he ever wakes up."

Gobber hummed as he crossed his arms. "I guess it goes without sayin' this is what you're wantin' help with? Where'd this kid even come from?"

"Strange as it is to say, it's as if the lad fell from the heavens themselves." It was sillyâ€"a stretch even for himâ€"but Johann

honestly had no other explanation. Strange, unfamiliar clothing, ethereal lights, mysteriously appearing with no sourceâ€¦ "I hate to dump somethin' so questionable on your hands, but I've no means to care for someone in such a shape."

"I don't knowâ€¦" Gobber frowned. It wasn't that he didn't want to help but there were too many unknowns. Too many possible risks.

"We'll do it."

Gobber shook his head, his mouth agape as he turned to look at Hiccup in disbelief. This kidâ€¦

Hiccup returned the large Viking's dubious expression with a pleading look. "Come on, Gobber. I'll talk to dad about it, but you can't expect the kid to get any better on his own in conditions like this."

Johann made a noise of protest (are you insinuating my ship is a danger to one's health?!) but Hiccup simply ignored the trader.

"Look, I'll take responsibility for everything, but we can't ignore the fact that he needs help."

Gobber grumbled something that Hiccup couldn't quite make out before he threw his arms into the air. "Fine!" He growled, "But if this turns into a mess, I'm not helpin', you got that? You get to fix it all on you're own."

Hiccup and Johann both let out a sigh of relief. Johann wouldn't have to fret over the kid's well-beingâ€¦he knew the Hooligans would take care of the ladâ€¦and Hiccup would be at ease, knowing he'd be able to help someone that needed it. Not to mention there was the whole mystery of the kid's origin to solve.

With the situation resolved, the three then proceeded to make arrangements for the boy's care. They agreed it best to house him at Hiccup's and that they would call on Gothi for treatment. Only once everything was settled and in place would Hiccup broach the subject with his father. Asking for forgiveness rather than permission seemed to be the best route for him these daysâ€¦especially when it came to his father. At least he would have Gobber's support.

* * *

><p>AN:** Nearly a year later..._

I really struggled with this chapter and I'm not happy with it but I needed to get it out of the way to move the story along. Hopefully it wasn't too much of a bore for yall. Though it's been a while since the last update, I have consistently been working on this story and have the next three chapters or so outlined, so hopefully it won't take too long for the next update. Apologies for any OOCness-it's been a while since I've watched the film or series, so I'm a tad out of touch with the HTTYD characters. In regards to the typos in the previous chapter, I'm aware of them and I'll get around to fixing them at some point. Thanks for reading and as always, feel free to drop any questions, comments, or suggestions in a review!

End
file.